

THE 1076.211 #
MAD PRANKS

TOM TRAM,
Son-in-Law to Mother WINTER.

Whereunto is added,
His merry Jests, odd Conceits, and pleasant Tales, very delightful to read.

PART the FIRST.



Printed and sold in London.

T H E
F I R S T P A R T
O F
T O M T R A M.

C H A P. I.

Tom's Pedigree; and the Cause of his
whipping the Pots to Death.

THERE was an old woman named Mother Winter, who had a son-in-law, whose name was Thomas, who tho' he was at man's estate, yet would he do nothing but w at he pleased, which grieved his mother to the heart. One day day being at market, she heard a proclamation, that those that would not work should be whipped.

On this she ran home, and joyfully told her son concerning the proclamation.

God's blessing on him thet issued it relied Tom, I will not break the decree. Upon which the old woman left her son, and went to market.

She was no sooner gone, but Tom looked into a stone pot she used to keep her small beer in, and seeing the beer did not work, he with his cart whip lays on the pot as hard as he could. The people seeing him, told his mother, who said, the knave will be hanged, and in that note wen home. Tom seeing her coming, laid on as hard as he could drive, and broke the pots, which made the old woman say, O what hast thou done, thou villain?

O dear mother, said he, you told me it was proclaimed, that those who would not work should be whipped; and I have often seen our pots work so hard that they foamed at the mouth; but these two lazy knaves will never work: So I have whipped them to death, to shew their fellows to work, or never to look me in the face again.

C H A P. II.

Of Tom's displeasing the Mayor, though
did what he bid him.



UPON a time Mother Winter sent her son Tom into the market, to buy her a pennyworth of soap, and bid him be sure to bring her change safe back. Tom told her he would; and to this end he goes and buys a pennyworth of soap, and hired two men with a hand barrow to carry the same, and four men with the elevenpence that remained, for their pains; which put his mother in a passion, in so much that she caused him to be sent to prison. Now the window joined to the

Mayor of the town's parlour. Tom, and some others of his fellow prisoners, having a cup of good liquor in their heads, began to roar, sing, and domineer. The Mayor hearing them in the night, charged them to leave off drinking, and sing psalms. Tom told him he would mend his life, if he would pardon his fault. For that night, the Mayor said, he should be in prison for his misdemeanours, and upon amendment he would release him in the morning. He thanked the Mayor, and prevailed upon him to lend him three shillings, which he spent upon those confined with him; which made them all be ruled by him. So when the Mayor was got to bed, they began to sing psalms so loud, that the Mayor could not rest, so ordered one of his servants to bid them leave off singing. Tom said, it was the Mayor's good council, that they should sing, and sing they would as long as they continued in that place. Which made the Mayor bid the gaoler turn them out without paying their fees.

C H A P. III.

Shewing how Tom served his Hostess, and
a Tobacco-Seller.



IT happened that Tom was sent of an errand forty miles from home ; and at the inn he put up at, he chanced to lie in a room opening to the yard, wherein his hostess kept turkies, and Tom seeing them, thrust pins into two of their heads, and in the night they died. The woman in the morning wondering how these turkies died, Tom persuades her there was a vast sickness amongst them, and so she threw them away, Tom watching an opportunity, when she was busy, took the turkies away under his coat unseen, but he finding

them heavy, and seeing a man at the top of the hill who used to sell tobacco, leading his horse down the hill, Toms falls down, crying as if he had broke a leg, and made great lamentation of his being five or six miles from any town, and was likely to perish. The man asked where he lived? Tom replied, with such a Knight. He knowing the gentleman, set him on his horse. Tom then bid him give him his master's turkies and then galloped away as fast as he he could, crying out, I shall be killed! I shall be killed!



The man seeing, he was gone without the turkies, knew not what to do, for he thought if he left the turkies behind, the Knight might take it amiss: So carrying them on foot, lugging, fretting, and

sweating, to the next town, where he hired a horse to overtake Tom, but could not till he arrived at the Knight's house, where Tom stood ready, calling to him, O now I see thou art an honest fellow; I had thought you had set me upon a head strong horse, on purpose to deceive me of my two turkies. But he replied, Pox on your turkies and you too; I hope you will pay for the horse I got. Yes, that I will, indeed, said he.



CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

Shewing how he paid the Man for his
Horse Hire.

TOM asked the man which road he intended to travel? Nay, said the other, I must go back with the horse I hired. Quoth Tom, what did you give for the hire of him? Five shillings, said the man. Well, said Tom, I will bring you so far in the way back, and pay the five shillings. The place appointed being two miles off, he sent for some companions to meet him. Tom being come to the inn, called the hostler to take his horse, and give him some oats, and ordered a turkey to be roasted with all speed. Tom's companions being come, he desired them to ply the person with drink, while he in the mean time went to the host, and told him they came there to be merry, and money being but short with him, desired he would lend him ten shillings upon his horse. The host readily

lent it him, as knowing the money would be spent in his house. So Tom went and gave the man five shillings for his horse hire, and spent the other freely. After supper Tom and his companions took their leaves, and the man went to bed. In the morning the man rose betimes, but could not have his horse, unless he paid ten shillings; so seeing he was thus cozened again, he paid the money, and wished the devil might take all cheating knaves.

And away he rode, fretting to see himself thus abused.



CHAP.

C H A P. V.

How Tom served some Gentlemen.

ONCE it happened; that a company of gentlemen being disposed to be merry, rode some miles, and would needs have Tom wait on them; and he was as willing as the gentlemen. But as they were coming home, one of them cut the reins of Tom's bridle; so that when he mounted, the reins broke, and his horse ran away with him into the middle of a vast heath, where stood the gallows, against which the horse stopped and rubbed himself. The gentlemen cried out, farewell Tom. But Tom alighted from his horse, and made fast his reins, and with a knife cut three or four chips from off the gallows, they jeering of him; but to be even with them; in the morning Tom called the hostler, and sent him for some spices, which he grated, and mixed with the chips of the gallows, all but a trifle he reserved for himself. Then with a full gallon of ale he entered the room, saying, Gentlemen, if you will teize me no more,

I will treat you with a gallon of ale and spice; so here's to you. As he was drinking, the ostler called him, and while he was gone, the gentleman drank up all the ale. Tom soon returned, and seeing the ale gone, said, Gentlemen, do you know the reason why my horse ran away with me to the gallows? No, said one of them. Why then, said Tom, it was to fetch you some spice for your ale; and, if you want more, I have more for you. And then produced more chips. Afterwards, he left the gentlemen to laugh at their own folly.



.CHAP.

C H A P. VI.



Tom rides a Gossipping.

TOM heard of a company of old women, who met at a house warming. These women having formerly abused Tom, he thought to be even with them. He goes therefore to an apothecary's, and buys a pound of purging comfits, and baked them in a cake, and dressed himself in woman's apparel, and getting up behind a man on horseback, went to the house, where they were, and asked if any women were there house warming? None yet, said the maid. Then take this cake, said he, and if I come not, let them make merry with it.

Then away he went. Some supposed it was a midwife. They staid a long time, until finding that Tom, the supposed old woman, did not return, they sat down to their meat. At last they eat their cake, which was not long in their bellies before it began to work; one went to stool, another to vomiting, all were sick.

In the mean time Tom shifts into man's apparel, and went where those gossips were, and asked what was the matter? They said they were all poisoned. Marry, said Tom, God forb d! if you please to let me have a horse, I will fetch a medicine to expel the poison. Take a horse, said they. So into the stable he goes, takes three horses, and immediately rides to the doctor, and tells him, that such people of such a house, had eaten something that they could not go to stool, and desired him to send them some glysters directly; and that they had sent a horse for himself, and another for his man.

The doctor, greedy of money, hasted thither with all his glyster-pipes, as fast as his horse could gallop.

But the doctor no sooner entered into

the house, but he smelt there was no need of glisters.

In the mean time, Tom told all he met of what had happened to the gossips; and he also told their husbands.

This made such a noise, as to draw many to see them, which made them both sick and ashamed, as every body that saw them adjudged to be drunk, and instead of comforting, reviled them.

At length they fell to scolding, and had certainly fought if their husbands had not fetched them home.



C H A P. VII.

Tom's Trick on some Gypsies.



IT happened one evening that there came a number of gypsies to town, whom Tom meeting, asked what they did there?

They said, to tell people their fortunes, that they might avoid approaching danger.

Said he, where do you lie to night? They replied, they could not tell.

Said Tom, if you can be content to lie in straw, I will shew you where you may lie both dry and warm.

They thanked him, and said they would tell him his fortune for nothing.

He thanked them, and conveyed them to a little thatched house filled with straw, and which had a ditch round it, close to the wall of the house, and there left them to take their rest, drawing up the bridge after him.

In the dead of the night he got a long pole, with a large whisp of straw, and set the house on fire.

One of the gypsies seeing the house in flames, called to the rest, and thinking to cross the bridge, fell into the ditch, crying out for help; while by Tom's means, great part of the town stood to see the jest.

As the gypsies came out of the ditch, the people let them go to the fire to warm themselves; where Tom told them, that seeing they could not foretel their own fortunes he would, which was, On the morning they should be whipt for cheats, and in the afternoon hanged for setting the house on fire.

The gypsies hearing this, made haste to dry themselves, got out of the town before it was day-break, and never came there afterwards.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Tom's selling his Mother's Trivot, and cheating an old Man.

ONE winter's dark night, Tom coming home late, fell with his arms before him, but at last ran his nose against a post, and then dropped into a well, crying out, Help! help!

The neighbours drew him out, and put him to bed, but having a looseness, he defiled the bed, which he said was the mud of the well.

Just as he had said so, in came an old hot waterman, whom Tom asked for a drop; then framing a fit, he rose up, and ran away with the man's bottle, and sold his mother's trivot for a pole and a falconer's bag, which being tied to his side, he came reeling home with an owl on his fist, saying, It was gentleman-like to be betwixt an owl and a buzzard.

Afterwards, he told the hot waterman he had sent his bottle to be filled.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

The Usage of Tom to a Singing Man in the West.

ONCE there was a singing man that much offended Tom, by his making a jest on him. Whereupon he put on his back an ox's hide, with the horns on his head, and lay in a place where he knew he must pass.—At last he came.—Up starts Tom, and follows him.—The man seeing him, cries out, The devil! the devil!—No, no, quoth Tom, I am Goodman Johason's Ghost, whom you owe five pounds to for good ale; therefore appoint some day, and pay me, or I'll haunt you as long as you live. The man appointed that day se'nnight, and paid him. Tom bought fine cloaths, and sweethearts came about him like bees, but Tom kept a rope in his pocket, and being asked if he would marry, he would shew them the rope, saying, I will hang myself rather than commit matrimony with any of you.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Of Tom's Courtship and Marriage with
Cicely Summer, the neat Maid of the
West.

CICELY SUMMER, whose nose was
thin and fair, and shone like to ba-
con rhine, was beloved by Tom Tram,
who pined away for love of her. Yet he
durst not speak, but whistled. At last,
when Cicely took no notice of him, he
burst out thus : O Cicely Summer, if old
Mother Winter's son and you were joined
together, people would say, There goes
Summer and Winter. And if thou dost
scold, Winter will cool thy heart.

At length they were married, but she
scolded both Summer and Winter.

Yet Tom lived by good ale, and his
wife by eating oatmeal.

And when Tom went to get drunk in
the morning, she put mustard in his ale,
making a caudle of mustard instead of
eggs; which bit Tom most grievously by
the nose; yet he would be very drunk
the next day.

Several Merry Tales.

A Tale of a Scholar and a Tapster, by the Fire Side.

TH E tapster said to the scholar, sir, will you go to bed? No, quoth he, for there are thieves abroad, and I would not be took napping. So the tapster went away. Soon after a ghost appearing to the scholar, with his head under his arm, he cried out, help, help, thieves! and said the devil had been with him, with his head under his arm; but if he came again, he would send him to the drawer to take him away.

Now it being a cold night, he said, I will warm my toes by the fire, and then I will go to bed, and so he did.

The next morning the great reckoning put the scholar out of his jest, which made him say, He was too much in earnest to pay such a reckoning, he being but a poor Oxford scholar.

Of a Country Fellow's being tricked
out of his Money, by a Company of
strolling Gypsies.

ONE day a company of gypsies came
to a country fellow upon the road,
and told him his fortune.

Among other things, they told him
his worst losses were past, and he would
not be troubled with so many crosses as
he had been. Having sold a cow, he
looked in his purse for the money, but
found never a cross. He remembered
the gypsies words, that he should not be
troubled with crosses, for they had pick-
ed his pocket, and left him never a cross.

Whereupon his wife began to cudgel
him, which made him reflect, that a
man who has a crusty wife shall never
be without a cross.

Now it being winter, he sit awhile
by the fire-side warming himself, and
then went to bed supperless and penny-
less.

Of a Farmer's Wife, her three Pigs, and
her Cock.

A Farmer's wife had three pigs, which she loved very well, and fed them so bravely, that they befouled the rooms.

Whereupon she resolved to sell them, because they were better fed than taught, but afterwards they were stolen away.

So she imagined they they were driven to London to learn manners.

Her cock having a piece of red cloth sewed about him, was also stolen from his perch.

Hereupon she said, her cock was turned schoar, and wore a red gown; and went to a conjuror to find her pigs and cock.

The scholar smiled, and told her, The three pigs were flown home, and her cock was made a Batchelor of Arts in a college.

I guessed so, said the woman, for all Batchelors of Arts are coxcombs.

Of

Of a Man's being told how he might escape Punishment, for buying a stolen Cloak.

ONE in the country having bought a cloak of one that stole it, and being threatened to be prosecuted for the same, asked an acquaintance how he might come off?

His friend replied, he would tell him for a quart of sack.

So away they went to a tavern, and having drank the sack, he desired to know how he should proceed to get rid of such a troublesome affair?

His acquaintance replied, he would not tell him till they were in the street.

So going out of the tavern, Dost thou see, quoth he, yonder rope-maker's shop?

Do but buy a rope there, and hang thyself with it, and I will warrant thee, thou shalt come off, and never be troubled about the matter. 10 JU 52

F I N I S.

THE
MAD PRANKS

OF
TOM TRAM,

Son-in-Law to Mother WINTER.

Whereunto is added,
His merry JESTS, odd CONCEITS,
and pleasant TALES, very delightful
to read.

PART the SECOND.



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MAD RANKS

TOM



THE
SECOND PART
OF
TOM TRAM.

CHAP. J.

Tom binds himself Apprentice, and of what Means he used to get from his Master.

TOM was now grown to man's estate, but was as full of knavery as ever; inasmuch that his mother-in-law, old mother Winter, grew weary of him, and so persuaded him to bind himself apprentice. Tom seemed willing, for he knew how and when to clear himself; accordingly he bound himself to a shoemaker for seven years, but did not serve seven weeks; for growing weary of his trade within a month, he watched when his master went to dinner, and left only him and an ape in the shop.—Tom takes a knife, and makes motions as if he was

cutting his master's leather to pieces, then laying down the knife by the ape, immediately the ape took it up, and fell to cutting the hide of leather, which he soon rendered unserviceable. The shoemaker returned to the shop, and finding the ape cutting the leather, cries out, O thou villain, why doth thou let the ape cut and spoil the leather? Why, quoth Tom, I do not let nor hinder him, he may cut if he will, what does he serve a time for but to learn his trade? But why do you not beat him? said his master. I think he is apt enough to learn without. His master hearing his cross answers, turned him off, being glad to get rid of him; and Tom was as glad as ne.

C H A P. II.

Of old Mother Winter's Marriage, and what Pranks Tom played.

OLD Mother Winter being vexed to the heart to see Tom return, told him that now she was resolved to marry to tame him. Quoth Tom please yourself and you will please me. The wedding

day being come, they left Tom at home to dress the dinner, which was a goose, a leg of mutton, and six pies. When they were gone to church, Tom winds up the jack, and then fell to rhyming.

My mother is to be married they say,
 (Old foolish doating moam),
 While I fantastick tricks do play,
 She'd better have staid at home.

Now Tom being very thirsty takes a pot, and goes to taste the strong beer. In the mean time a ragman comes by, and smelling the good cheer, put the leg of mutton and goose in his bag, and went off.



Tom hearing a noise at the door, ran to see what was the matter, with the spigot in his hand; and missing of the goose

and leg of mutton, he fell again to his rhyming.

Whilst I did now below carouse,
 It must not be forgot,
 One came and stole away the goose;
 And meat out of the pot;
 Now for my part I'll never wive,
 Such things will make me mad;
 This marriage sure will never thrive,
 The beginning is so bad;
 But I will down again and drink,
 Sorrow must needs be dry,
 Still let the pot and canakin clink,
 O never ask me why.

Down he runs, and finding the beer about the cellar, runs hastily up again, and draws the pies out of the oven, and carries them into the cellar, and lays them in the beer on the ground, to make a bridge to the barrel, which he found was quite empty. After this he studies what dinner to get for the bride and bridegroom. And Tom seeing there was a brood goose in the barn, takes her off her eggs, kills her and spits her feathers and all, and lays her down to the fire, and winds up the jack, then seats himself on the eggs to keep them from cooling.

I am no longer Tom, says Tom,

But now a goose you see,

I hope by that time you come home,

The other will roasted be.

No sooner had he ended his rhyming, but in comes the bride and bridegroom. She seeing the goose at the fire with the feathers on, took it for the devil in the likeness of a goose, and began to call Tom, where are you? Tom answered, I am no longer Tom, I am a goose, mother.

The old man and woman hearing this, ran into the barn, and seeing him sit on the eggs, they took cudgels and fell to beating of him. Tom to escape from them, threw the eggs in their faces, and so ran away.

C H A P. III.

Tom takes the Rag-Man that stole the Goose.

TOM having but one groat left, took his lodgings at an alehouse, where the next morning two ragmen came to drink. Says one to the other, yesterday I stole a goose from the fire, and a leg of mutton out of the pot. No sooner had Tom heard him say so, but he stapt to him,

and told him the provision was his, and unless he would make him amends, he would commit him to prison. The ragman fell on his knees, asked forgiveness, and said he would borrow as much money, and make him satisfaction. So Tom demanded five shillings, which the ragman procured, and gave unto him. This money served him till he had made his peace with his old mother and new father.

CHAP. IV.

Tom goes a Hedging.

TOM being again restored to favour, his mother persuaded her husband to set him to work, to which Tom seemed very willing. Says the old man, if thou wilt be ruled by me, I will make a man of thee. Father, replied he, I hope I am not a beast. Well then, says the old man, to-morrow take the hedging bill and go and mend the hedges about the ground. I will father, quoth he. In the morning he desires his mother to lend him a needle to mend the hedging gloves, the which she did. Then away he went to the field, and mended all his father's



hedges ; and not having work enough to make up the day, he cut up the hedge that encompassed another man's ground ; for which being brought before a just ce, he was asked what he had to say for himself? Sir, said he, I will maintain I have done no harm at all, but a deal of good. How so? said the justice. As thus, quoth Tom, there are to my certain knowledge a great many poor men out of work. Whereupon the old iustice smiled at the conceit, and so dismissed him.

But when Tom came home his old mother asked him for the needle.—O quoth Tom, I stuck it on a bush, O you knave, said she, why didst thou not stick it on thy sleeve, or on thy shirt. Well, mother, said he, I hope I shall be wiser for the future.

Amim

C H A P. V.

Of Tom's going to fetch the Plough
Irens from the Smith's.

NOW next morning Tom went to the smith's for the plough irons, and remembering his mother's words concerning his sticking of the needle in the sleeve or shirt, he made fast the plough irons to the same; which with the trotting of the horse so tore his old breeches and doublet, that his mother was like to run mad. Why mother, says Tom, I think the devil himself cannot please you. Did you not tell me I might have stuck the needle upon my shirt or sleeve, when I stuck it on the hedge? Now I thought I should have pleased you in this. No, thou knave, said she, thou shouldest have tied these up in straw, and laid them on the horse's neck, and then thou wouldest not have torn thy breeches and doublet. Nay, if that be all, quoth he, I hope I shall please you in time.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Tom's Father sends him for a Dog, and
of what happened.



ONE morning early Tom's father call-
ed him up and sent him for a mastiff
dog that he had bought. Tom, says he,
he is a gallant house dog, and therefore
take care of him, and bring him home
safe. So he took horse, and rode five miles
for the dog; and when he came to the
place, he remembered his mother's words
concerning the plough irons, and there-
fore binds the dog up in straw, and lays
him across the horse's neck like a calf, so
brings him home, with an hundred boys
after him. O thou villain! said his mo-
ther, what dost thou mean by this? Nay,
says Tom, you told me I might have bound

up the plough-irons, and laid them on the horse's neck; but much more care ought to be taken of the dog, being of much more value than the plough-irons.

CHAP. VI.

Tom's Mother sends him to Market for a Leg of Mutton.



CH! Tom, said his mother, will you never be good? Why didst thou not tie the dog to the horse's tail, and not make thyself a laughing stock to all the country. Go now and buy me a leg of mutton. So Tom takes the horse and rides to market, buys a leg of mutton, and ties it to the horse's tail; insomuch that the meat was all dirty, and full of

gravel, and by that means rendered good for nothing.

C H A P. VII.

Tom's Father sends him to thrash Corn,
and what happened.

TOM, quoth his father, thy mother and I must walk abroad to-day, and I would have you thrash corn; but keep away the geese and swine. I warrant you, father, I will take care. No sooner were they gone, but Tom killed all the geese and swine, and laid them at the barn door. Now, said Tom, I think I have taken a sufficient course with you for eating the corn; and then he fell to thrashing. But when his father and mother came home, and saw all the geese and swine lie dead at the barn door, they were so amazed at the sight, that they knew not what to say or do. Tom seeing them in a quandary, said, Why stand you so amazed; have I not taken such a course as you desired? if not, I am sorry for it; but I am sure here is all the corn safe, according to my promise.

C H A P. IX.

Tom is sent to invite the Guests to eat the Swine and Geese he had killed.

IN the morning his father scolded him for killing the swine and geese, asking him if he longed to be hanged. Nevertheless since he knew not how to spend them without company, he sent Tom to invite the guests to eat all he had killed. Tom invites all the beggars he could find, ties them in a cord, leads them home, and places them in order. Now instead of saying grace, Tom's father and mother did nothing but curse him for bringing such a crew of beggars to disgrace his house; but Tom bids them fall to, saying they are welcome. Who should I invite, said Tom, but such as do want victuals? The rich I am sure have enough; it is a great act of charity to invite the poor. So after they had all dined, they departed, giving Tom thanks for so good a dinner.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Tom makes his Father break his Shins.



NOW Tom's father so cursed him for bringing the beggars to his house, that Tom vowed to be revenged on him; so one morning his father being in bed, and the room dark, Tom set a joint stool in the middle of the room. Then he calls out, Father, Father, was ever the like seen, here's two mastiff dogs drawing a waggon; and then looked out of the window, as if it had been so indeed. The mean time the old man jumped out of the bed, tumbled over the joint stool, and broke his shins. Pox on you for a rogue,

said he. Where is this sight? Father, said Tom, had you not lost so much time by falling over the stool, you'd have seen them, but they are past and gone.

C H A P. XI.

Tom and his Father go to the Fair to buy
Horses;



SAID the old man to Tom, I have got forty pounds, which I mean to bestow on horses at the fair, and I would have you carry the money for me. Aye, said Tom, with all my heart; but when they came to the inn, he drops the old man two days, and spent ten shillings of the money; and then returns unto him again,

O thou villain I have you thus consumed my money? Then the old man went to pursue him towards home. Now they must pass a river, and when they were on the middle of the bridge, he says, Father I care not a farth for you, for if you will not shake hands with me, I will let the bag fall into the river, holding it up to shew him. The old man thinking he'd be as good as his word, called to him, for God's sake hold thy hand, and I'll pardon thee. So being reconciled and friends, they returned home quietly.

C H A P. XII.

Of his taking Leave of his Parents, and going to seek his Fortune.

NOW his father and mother being tired of his mad pranks, turned him out to seek his fortune. So Tom travelled to Windsor. As he went along he found a book, by which he learned to cast a figure, and help people to their lost goods again. So that Tom took a chamber, and many resorted to him. Now there was once a country fellow who took him

for a conjuror. O, says the fellow, if I had but his art, I'd never go unto the plow again, but live like a gentleman; so he goes to Tom, and thus salutes him: Sir, I perceive that thou art a witch, and I would willingly give you forty shillings to learn me to be one. Tom perceiving the simplicity of the man, smiled, and told him he would, and bid him come again next morning, and he'd give him something to eat that should make him a witch: The fellow being very glad went home, intending to come again the next morning. In the mean time Tom goes and emptys a close stool pan into a great earthen pot, and covers it all over with honey. Next morning the poor countryman came according to his promise, to become a witch. Tom providing him with a commodious large handsome spoon, bid him eat as fast as he could, that he might the sooner become a witch. When he came about the middle, he began to make a very face. How now, said Tom, do you think it is a fir-reverence? Yes, answered the fellow. Marry, quoth Tom, I think you are a witch. And that

was all the fellow had for his forty shillings.

C H A P. XIII.

He gets Five Pounds for preventing a Man from being made a Cuckold.

A Certain Parson loved a man's wife called William of Wandfor, and Tom observed it. Now on a time she feigned herself sick, and sent her husband to fetch her a bottle of water called the Water of Absalon, which was five miles from their house. No sooner was he gone, but in came the parson of a neighbouring parish, who was commonly called Sr John: Tom seeing the parson go in, follows after William of Wandfor as fast as he could. So when he overtook him, he asked whither he was going? William of Wandfor told him his wife was sick, and sent him for a bottle of the water of Absalon. She is well enough now, says Tom, the parson is with her, but if you will be ruled by me you'll find out their knavery. By what means, said William

of Wandfor? Said Tom, I will put thee into a sack, and leave the sack there, and will stand at the door and hear what they say; and if occasion be, I will rush in, and thou shalt come out of the sack. To this he agreed, so Tom takes him and puts him into the sack, and carries him to his wife, and prays her to let him leave that sack, which was full of malt, in the chimney corner, and in the morning he'd fetch it away. With all my heart, said she, not dreaming her husband was in the sack. Away goes Tom, and stands at the door to hear what they would say. Now the parson and she were at breakfast together, and began to sing the following song, in tune of, The owl is the fairest, &c.

Woman.

William of Wandfor he is gone,
To fetch some water from Abfalon,
I'll make him a cuckold before he comes
home,
Sing hey tro non ne, non ne, non ne.

Parson.

William of Wandfor I know what I think,
I eat of thy bread and drink of thy drink,

To end the strife, I'll lie with thy wif,
Sing hey tro, &c.

Tom comes in.

William of Wandfor, if thou be'st near,
Come out of the sack without any fear,
If any mishap I'll stand at thy back,
Sing hey tro', &c.

William of Wandfor comes out of the
Sack.

By your leave gentlemen all on a row,
Some of your secrets I very well know,
Sir John shall be gelded before he does go.
Sing hey tro, &c.

Sir John seeing himself surpris'd, stood trembling, and knew not what to say. On a sudden William said, Come Tom, let's geld the parson, With that the parson fell on his knees, and asked forgiveness, craving pardon of William of Wandfor. Well quoth Tom, seeing he is so penitent, if the parson will give five pounds a piece he shall not be gelded, nor the matter be known. William of Wandfor liked the motion very well, and the parson went home with speed, and fetched the money and gave it them, with thanks they had

used him so favourably. So Tom gets his five pounds, the man five pounds, and the poor parson saved the cutting out of his stones.

C H A P. IV.

How Tom saved a Gentleman five hundred Pounds.

A Certain gentleman had made a very great feast, and invited all the gentry in the country round about. Now it came to pass that the gentleman being wonderful merry, and drinking of more wine than he commonly used to do, his tongue ran before his wit; for he laid a wager he could drink up all the sea.— Now a wager being laid betwixt a gentleman and he, next morning he had forgot what he had done, till the gentleman he had laid the wager with demanded it. The gentleman being in amaze, knew not what to say; but calling to mind what a witty fellow Tom was, sent his man privately unto him: So Tom being come he told him, if he could bring him off fairly he'd content him for his pains. To which

Tom thus answered, if I save you five hundred pounds, I shall deserve five; nor could he promise to do it, the business was intricate, yet he'd do his best. The gentleman promising his demand, Tom goes to him with whom he had laid the wager, and began thus: Sir, I understand this gentleman has laid five hundred pounds with you, that he will drink up all the sea, which if he is not able to do, as you know he is not, he is to drink no more than the sea. No more he shall, replies the gentleman, Why then quoth Tom, you must go and stop up all the rivers and brooks which run into the sea. 'Tis impossible, says he. So is the other, replies Tom, therefore you have neither won nor lost. So the gentleman got off.



To the READER.

READER, the last time that I saw Tom he was at the Half Moon, where we drank each of us a pint of sack, to rub up his attention, and he promised the next MAD PRANKS he played, he would send them up to TOM LONG the Carrier; which promise having fulfilled, it is now published.

10 JU 52

End of the Second Part.

#3

THE
MAD PRANKS
OF
TOM TRAM

SON-IN-LAW to Mother WINTER?

Together with

His Merry JESTS, odd CONCEITS,
and pleasant TALES, very delightful
to read.

PART the THIRD.



Printed and Sold in Londo .

T H E
T H I R D P A R T
O F
T O M T R A M.



C H A P I

Of Tom's getting forty-five Wenches with
Child, and his Escape from the Con-
stable.

NEAR the city of Exeter Tom had not long lived, but he grew very famous in telling young women their fortunes, who came to him from all the adjacent towns, to know if they should marry the persons they desired or not, and many other such like questions. But, whenever they came, he would take them up into his chamber, and if they were a little handsome he would be sure to write

a line or two in every girl's memorandum book ; so that at last there was a general complaint against Tom for having crack- ed many of the choicest maidenheads in Devonshire ; no less than five and forty being reputed to be with child by him.

Among these was Sarah, the righteous daughter of a Quaker, whose poor father Obediah, verily fetched a warrant for poor Tom, from Justice Shallow, and gave it to one William Wiseacre, a constable.



Now as they were going to the next Justice of the Peace, the constable and Tom, the Quaker and his wife, and their fallen daughter ; and as they passed a Squire's lodge, from thence leaped out a thundering mastiff, which fastened imme-

diately upon the constable, who being dreadfully frightened, roared out again, mean while the Quaker and the rest ran away for fear. Tom, seeing the opportunity, took up the constable's long staff, which he had dropped, and leaped over a ditch and there left the constable without his mark of authority. Thus was Tom delivered and freed from their fury.



CHAP V.

2

Tom hires himself to a Mountebank, and cures a Country Squire of a Consumption.

TOM having thus gained his liberty, was resolved not to let the grass grow under his heels, and posted forwards as fast as possible, till he came to a market town, where a mountebank had erected a stage, on which he was making a fine speech to the people, about the wonderful cures he had effected.

Tom waited patiently till he had done his harangue, and then asked him if he wanted a man? Why, said the mountebank, what canst thou do? Quoth Tom, I can tell fortunes, and recover lost goods. The mountebank was right joyful to meet with such a servant, and so gave him present entertainment.

Now it happened shortly after that the Doctor sent Tom with a bottle of cordial

to a country Squire, who had long been in a consumption. It happened as Tom was getting over a stile he broke the bottle, and spilt the liquor, which put him in a peck of troubles.

If I go back, thought he, and tell my master, I may be in danger of losing my place, and if I go to the Squire, what excuse can I make? At length he resolved to get a bottle like that which was broken, and fill it with water mixed with a soft green cow-turd, when he formed a very uncommon julp, of a strange colour, much like a quack medicine. This he left for the Squire, with directions how to take it, and in less than a week's time he mended to a miracle, and came over to the Doctor to pay him, and return him thanks for the cure. Tom observing him, as soon as the Squire was gone, cried out to his master, O the cow-turd! the cow-turd! and then related the whole story, which made the mountebank laugh heartily. However, he resolved within himself, to make use of the same medicine ever after on the like occasion. /

CHAP.

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C H A P. III.

Of Tom and his Master's Progress, with
what happened on their Journey.

NOW the Doctor and his man Tom
being on the road together, Tom
said, Methinks it is melancholy riding,
if you are willing, we will make verses
to divert the time. With all my heart,
says the Mountebank ; and accordingly
being near Abindon, he began thus :

God-a-mercy Abingdon,
God-a-mercy O !
Thou hast a spire
Like the sheath of a dagger.

Rarely well done, quoth Tom.—The
master replied, Now it is your turn. At
which Tom began thus :

God-a-mercy master,
God-a-mercy, O !
You have a head
Like unto a brass kettle.

Why, you impudent rascal, said his master, do you compare my head unto a brass kettle? After this they rode silent for the remaining part of the day; the Doctor being in the dumps would not speak, or explain himself; nor would he permit Tom to remain in his presence at night.

Tom passed away the time as well as he could till morning, when the chamberlain came to Tom to know if his master chose to have a fire in the room? Yes, says Tom, but he will have no one to make it but myself. Then taking a brush under his arm, and a faggot on his shoulder, he went up, saying, as he entered the room,

Good-morrow master,
 Good-morrow, ho!
 I have brought a faggot
 Into your chamber, O!

Well, look you there said his master, this is something like. Could not you have made this verse yesterday? But on the contrary, you must compare my understanding head to a brass kettle. Well,

for this verse I will pardon you ; but be sure take care how you commit the like again.

CH A P. IV.

Of Tom's further Proceedings on the Journey with his Master.

NOW against his master was dressed Tom ordered a breakfast to be got ready, with a bottle of wine to sharpen their wits. This being over, their horses were ordered to be saddled, and Tom and his master mounted very good friends again, and so proceeded forward on their journey. It happening to prove a very wet day, and the roads deep and dirty, when they came to the inn at night, the Doctor ordered Tom to clean his boots against morning, which Tom promised to perform. But when the Doctor called for his boots Tom had not cleaned them, but brought them just as they had been pulled off. The Doctor asked, Why are my boots not cleaned ? Why, quoth Tom, what should I clean them for, while this

weather lasts, they will be dirty again. At this the Doctor smiled, and seemed to take no further notice of the neglect.

At noon, when they put up to dine, the Doctor ordered a chicken to be roasted for himself, and that Tom might on no account have anything to eat. When the Doctor had eat up his chicken, and ordered his horse out, Tom said, Hold, master, I have not had my dinner. If you had you would have been hungry again, said the Doctor. Thus he treated Tom's belly, as he had done his master's boots.



C H A P. V.

Tom's Revenge on his Master, for making him lose his Dinner.

TOM was sadly disturbed in his mind at the loss of his dinner; wherefore he made it his whole afternoon's study how to be revenged on his master for the trick he had served him. A thought at last came into his head, which suited his purpose; for coming to an inn at night, he said to his master, Sir, will you please to have your boots cleaned and dressed to-night? The Doctor replied, I will, so get them done.

The Doctor being a little fantastical in his diet, had a mind to have something nice, so called for the cook, and asked him if he could dress him up a dish in the French fashion, or not? The cook, loth to discover his ignorance, said he could. Then the Doctor bid him shew his art, and let him have the supper served up with all possible speed.

In the mean time Tom had cleaned his master's boots, and hearing what had passed between him and the cook, resolved not to miss this opportunity of revenge for the loss of his dinner. So Tom putting on a grave countenance, carried the boots into the kitchen, and bid the cook dress them for his master's supper. The cook replied, That will be a new found out dish indeed, but I can never believe that your master sent them to be dressed. Yes, quoth Tom, but he did; and if you will not believe me, I will call to him, and you shall hear what he says himself. Doctor, said Tom, standing at the stair foot, will you have one or both dressed? He, supposing he meant the liquoring of the boots, cried out in a passion, You rascal, let them both be done, for what should I do with one? The cook hearing what he said, immediately set on the great pot, and boiled the boots till they were tender, and then taking them up, chopped them as small as mince meat, and mingled the same with currants and spices, and simmered it together over a chafing dish of coals; and so served it up at the Doctor's table; who liked his supper extraordinary

well. Tom pretending to be sick, said he could not eat, so went to bed.

The next morning, when the Doctor called for his boots, Tom cried out, Hey-day! would you have your cake and eat your cake? had not you them drest last night for your supper?

O you rascal! says the Doctor, get you hence, you shall be no longer in my service. Content, says Tom, and so they parted.



C H A P. VI.

The Method Tom took with his Master to get his Wages.

TOM had not travelled far before he began to consider that he had not received any wages, and that it was but sorry travelling without money; and so he resolved to return to his master, and make a demand of his wages, which he did, but the Doctor refused to pay him. Nay, said Tom, I will be up with you for that, Upon which he got a warrant, and brought him before a Justice that lived in the same town. When the Doctor was come before his Worship, he alleged that Tom had very grossly abused him; first, in comparing his head to a brass kettle; and secondly, in ordering the cook to boil his boots. Well, quoth the Justice, young man, what have you to say to this? Why, said Tom, as to the first, I was forced to go to bed that night without any supper; and I think that punishment enough for so slender an offence. And as for his boots, they were boiled up,

and dished for his own diet; and he said himself it was the best supper he had eaten for seven years.

Said the Justice, if it be so, I have nothing to say against your servant; you must pay him his wages, or I'll send you to a place where you will not have so good a supper as your boots.

Upon which the Mountebank pulled out a large velvet purse, and paid Tom his wages.



C H A P. VII.

Tom hires himself to a Justice, and what Pranks he played while he was his Servant.

THE Justice at this time wanting a servant, and finding Tom to be a very lively fellow, asked him if he would serve him? Tom replied, with all his heart, he should be very happy to serve a gentleman, who had already taken his part when he was but a poor stranger. — They soon agreed about wages, and Tom was immediately entertained.

Here Tom had not lived long, before the Justice and his family were obliged to go to London, leaving no servant at home but Tom. Now in the Justice's absence, the officer brought a lusty and tall young woman, with a complaint against a little man. Tom let them in, and so placing himself in his master's chair, he asked the woman, What injury this poor man had done her? Please your Worship, he has ravished me, and lain with me by mere force against my will. Adzooks, quoth I think it impossible that such a

little fellow as this could force such a strapping dame as you.

Alas ! Sir, said she, altho' he is little, he is very strong. Well, says Tom, Little Whipper Snapper, what say you to this ? Please your Worship, what she says is false ; the truth is this : I have been a considerable time at sea, and being just come on shore, and received my pay, I met with this woman, and agreed with her for half a crown ; and when the business was over, I pulled out my purse to pay her honestly what I had agreed to give her, but she seeing I had a sum of money, demanded ten shillings, which is contrary to our bargain ; and because I would not give it to her, she has brought me before your Worship. Have you got the purse of money ? Quoth Tom to the sailor. Yes, replied Jack Tar. Give it into my hand, said Tom. The sailor delivered it ; and Tom turning to the woman, said, Here, take it, and go about your business. She replied, I humbly thank your Worship, you are an honest man, and have done me justice.

The seaman at this decision wrung his hands and cried bitterly, I am ruined ! I

am ruined ! it is every penny I had in the world. Well, quoth Tom, make haste after her, and take it from her. Accordingly he ran after her, and said, I must and I will have my purse again. Then she fell about his ears, and cuffed him. Nay, this did not satisfy her, for she dragged him before the Justice, and related, that the fellow wanted to have his purse again, which he in justice had given her. Well then, said Tom, and has he got it? No, sir, said she, I think not; before he should have it, I would tear out both his eyes. Let me see it again, says Tom; upon which she delivered it to him. Is all the money in it? says Tom. Yes, sir, replied she, there is every penny. Why then, says he, Here, Little Whipper Snapper, take your purse again; and as for you, Mrs. Impudence, if you had defended your modesty, as well as you did your money, I had never been troubled with this complaint. Here, Mr. Constable, give her one hundred lashes at the town whipping-post. Which was done; and Tom applauded by the whole country for his proceedings.

C H A P. VIII.

Tom gains the Love of his Master, and all the Family.

NOW when his master was returned from London, and was informed how Tom had acted the Deputy in his absence, and understood his just proceedings, he laughed heartily; and for the jest gave him a suit of apparel, and made him steward over his estate,

Now it happened upon a certain day, that Tom was sent with an hundred guineas, which he was to pay to an old Usurer, whose name was Old Pinch Gut. When coming to his house, Tom found him at breakfast on a crust of bread, with a pint of ale standing by him, but the Usurer was so eager in telling his money, that he never regarded his ale, which Tom perceiving, drank it off, and having got a receipt in full, took leave, and returned home. But when the old Usurer found his ale was gone, and that Tom had drank it, he came running home to Tom's master, making sad lamentation how he had wronged him. The Justice, to pa-

cify the old Usurer, prays him to be contented, a ding, that Tom should certainly make him satisfaction for the damage he had done him. Which did, in some measure appease his anger.

C H A P. IX.

Tom's Revenge on the Usurer, for complaining to his Master,

ABOUT two months after Tom accidentally meets the old Usurer in a market town, where, taking him by the hand, he said, Sir, I am glad to see you, I have now got a fit opportunity to retaliate your wrongs; be pleased to accept from me part of a bottle of wine, in lieu of your pint of ale. Alas! quoth the old Usurer, that will be too much. No, no, replied Tom, I will give it you with all my good and sincere heart. Well, quoth the Usurer, I knew thou wert an honest fellow, and because it is thy love, I will accept of it. This said, they went both into a tavern together, and were seated in an upper room next the street. A bottle of canary being brought, Tom

drank a full glass to the Usurer, who pledged him in the like; so they plied it so close till the bottle was out, and he then called for another. O! quoth the old man, it is enough, for I am well satisfied for the injury y u did me. Well, I thank you, said Tom, that you will be friends with me; yet I will spend another bottle upon you, and in regard it is near noon, I will have a capon dressed, that we may dine together. O, said the Usurer, that will be too much charge. No, not at all, said Tom, it shall not cost you a penny in my company. Thou art a very good-natured man, said the Usurer. So the capon being dressed, it was brought up, and Tom bid him feed, for he was very welcome. Now when they had both dined, Tom called up the reckoning, and the drawer brought up ten shillings to pay. Well, quoth Tom, bring the other bottle, and make it an even dozen. It was brought, and Tom began to drink briskly, so that the bottle was soon empty. At which time Tom opened the window, and then pretended that he saw a gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom he had some particular business. He gave a

hem, and then saying he would run down and fetch him up, he scampered clear away, leaving the old Usurer to pay the reckoning, who, after he had waited an hour, and found that Tom did not return, he called to the drawer, to know if the reckoning was paid? And when he was told it was not, he was ready to run mad, to think what a trick Tom had put upon him: Nevertheless, he was forced to discharge the reckoning, and afterwards went home with a heavy heart, and a much lighter purse than he came out with.

C H A P. X.

Tom marries the Lady's Waiting Woman and has by her an only Daughter.

TH E S E merry conceits and pleasant pranks gained Tom the love of all that knew him, especially of Ursula, the waiting gentlewoman, who was never so happy as when she was in his company; and he being of the same mind; it was not long before their loves came to a happy conclusion; for his master and lady liking the match, the wedding was appointed, and most of the neighbouring gentlemen were at the solemnity.

Tom remained in his stewardship many years, in which time he had by his wife only one daughter, whom he called Ursula, after her mother. This was the most splendid part of Tom's life, being



easy in circumstances, and in the good esteem of many persons of quality, with whom he often rode a hunting, and partook of their other diversions, they taking delight in his company, for the sake of his merry jests, witty sayings, and expressions.

Thus he lived to the age of eighty, and
then died, leaving behind him his wife
and daughter to lament the loss of honest
TOM TRAM.

He lived till he was eighty years of age,
When death at last with darts did him
engage,
So that he fainted, pains came thick and
stronger,
And then he dy'd, 'cause he could live no
longer.

The last words he said, let this be sent
'To London, that it may be put in print,

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F I N I S.